

Smith Patti

"Dead City"

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This dead city longs to be
This dead city longs to be free
Seven screaming horses melt down in the sun
Building scenes on empty dreams
And smoking them one by one

This dead city longs to be
This dead city longs to be living
Is it any wonder, there's squalor in the sun
With their broken schemes and their lotteries
They never get nowhere

Is it any wonder they're spitting at the sun
God's parasites in abandoned sites
And they never have much fun

If I was a blind man would you see for me
Or would you confuse the nature of my blues
And refuse a hand to me

Is it any wonder crying in the sun
Is it any wonder I'm crying in the sun
Well, I built my dreams on your empty scenes
Now I'm burning them one by one

This damn city, this dead city
Immortal city, motor city, success city
Longs to be, longs to be, longs to be
Free, free, free

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